

NEWS FROM ALL OVER IMPERIAL MISSOURI

Interesting Happenings Which Have Taken Place in the Greatest State in the Union.
The Product of the Scissors, the Pen and a Little Actual Labor

Linn county will vote on local option Oct. 12.

The Quitman Poultry Show association will hold its show this year on Nov. 24, 25 and 26.

Counting the "reservists" Shelby's band will soon have a membership of seventy-five musicians.

Odeson modestly admits that there are four miles of paved streets within the city limits.

The Sheridan Advance thinks men would not tell nearly so many lies if it were not for the curiosity of women.

A black-winged pelican measuring seven feet from tip to tip of its wings was killed on the Missouri river near Parkville, Tuesday.

At the band concert at Marceline, Saturday night, the bass drummer's offering was a couple of solos and nobody said it was "bum."

A distinction claimed for Clark by The Chronicle is that it is the only town of its size in the world that has no moving picture show.

Two sisters who had not seen each other for forty-five years met at the home of one of them at Leesville the other day.

Those who live by the hammer shall die by the hammer, paraphrases the Brookfield Argus. The knocker but dies his own grave.

James Jesse is cashier of a bank at Mexico and the Louisiana Press-Journal notes that it looks like "Jesse James" in the telephone book.

Just "generally unlucky" is the way it appears to the Draymer Bee, but that a railroad employee has been taken to Chillicothe to undergo his nineteenth surgical operation.

A Harrisonville visitor felt that he had a grievance the other day, when he went up to a soda fountain, winked at the dispenser, ordered "finger" and got it.

"H. P. Baker, undertaker, is now with G. F. Trowell, where he will be clad to wait on his friends," reads a paid announcement in the Columbia Tribune. Frank, at least.

From twenty-three acres of well-tended orchard near Sikeston, Charles Shull this season sold \$2,650 worth of fruit. The Record thinks that is better than raising wheat.

Noting that there is complaint that it is impossible to get motor cars delivered as fast as people want them, the Springfield Republican's only comment is that no such trouble is encountered in buying farm implements.

"Gentlemen of the jury" is what a lawyer will call "em until the verdict is rendered against him; then he will designate the deliberative dozen by phrases no family journal can afford to print. So it appears to the Macon Chronicle.

The Bolckow cemetery now has 223 marked graves and six unmarked. Eli Johnson was the first person buried there, which was on Dec. 5, 1889, and J. G. Lester was the last one, which occurred Thursday, Sept. 2, 1915.

Uncle Thomas Sellers has our thanks for a bushel of nice apples. There are few editors that can boast of being thus remembered by one of his readers who is 107 years of age, and it is a source of pleasure to us to know Uncle Thomas is keeping us in mind.—Westboro Enterprise

Springfield's police station was ordered closed by the city's health commissioner after an inspection as to sanitation. The commissioner clinched his order by nailing up the rooms he declared unfit for use. The holdover was not put out of commission.

When a Princeton milkman the other evening had driven to town from his home two miles away he found two chickens roosting on the front axle of his milk wagon. He did not disturb them, and when he got home a couple of hours later they still were there.

Wild bees that chose the Peru schoolhouse in Bates county for their hive made a serious mistake. One night last week they were unceremoniously smoked out by the school

directors, who divided forty-four pounds of honey as a reward.

It certainly was rough for the town boys at Higginsville the other day in a horsehoe pitching contest. For many months Harry Leary and Chick Hader have been hailed as local champions in tossing the symbol of good luck at an iron peg. The wise ones smiled when two country boys issued a challenge and won without an effort.

The voters of Atchison county defeated the proposition to issue \$250,000 in special road improvement bonds last week. It required a two-thirds majority to win the election. The proposition carried favorably in the east part of the county, but the voters on the west side turned it down hard.

A. C. Parsons called us up yesterday afternoon and told us that he had just gotten through talking over the phone with Sam Warner at New York City. This is probably the longest telephone talk ever before made in King City, and Mr. Parsons says that his talk was just as distinct as if he was talking to anyone in this city.—King City Democrat

If you are a hobo and too light for heavy work you'd best give Moberly a wide berth. They'll weight you down over there and have you help fix the streets. The city council has purchased eight sets of "ball-and-chain" regalia for hampering the flight of would-be fugitives in the folds of the police.

"Dare Devil" Charles Green, a well-known aviator, was killed at Cowgill Thursday afternoon while making a double parachute leap from his biplane. He was under contract to give an ascension each day of the street fair at that place, and it was on the opening day that he was killed.

An alligator caught recently by John Bruner at Jefferson City proved to be something more than a mere saurian. It was a veritable "white elephant," for it had to be fed on chicken and at a time when frying size "sprinkles" were worth 45 cents each. There was no regret when the alligator escaped a day or so ago, as the weather is getting too cold to go swimming anyhow.

Last week a flat car pulled out of Dexter with our last hopes of an oil well thereon. It was loaded with the well casing of the hole northwest of town, where several thousand dollars were sunk. Somehow we can't help but believe that pay dirt may be still lower than the near three thousand feet to which the well was bored. The diggers were in the same rock they had been in for more than three thousand feet.—Dexter Statesman

Black Joe Miller of Warrensburg was posted as a lookout while a bunch of his comrades were indulging in a bit of craps. When he saw the "law" come peacocking around he emitted a Comanche warwhoop which busted up the game. Then Joe was yanked before Judge McFarland and given sixty days. "What fo, judge?" asked the coon. "For hollerin'," was the reply of his honor. "My land, judge," said Joe aggressively, "just time Ise ebba knowed you to send a niggah to jail fo' talking too much." Does look tough, now, don't it?

Another indication that sets aside the goose bone, the corn husk and other theories in regard to the visitation of early frosts is presented by a Nodaway county farmer. He says there isn't going to be any heavy frosts until late in the season. He takes his cue from observing the habits of the cockle burr and he claims he never misses. The cockle burr is a very thrifty-growing plant but the frost never catches it with the seed infertile. They must be fertile to insure a crop the following year.

About the tiniest live animal ever weighed in Lincoln was a young ruby throat hummingbird which was picked up, chilled, on our public square yesterday morning. The little fellow had a finely developed coat of green, but his throat colors were not fully in "bloom." After being warmed he could fly and was evidently not injured. On being placed on an apothecary's scale, he tipped the beam at 47½ grains—half a grain less than one-tenth of an ounce apoth.—Lincoln Bulletin

A brick marked with a deer track was a curio brought in to the Liberty Tribune by Bob Thompson a few days ago. The brick was hand-made and

soft as was usual in the early part of the last century. It was from construction work done on the old United States arsenal at Liberty Landing in 1837 or 1838. The deer track evidently had been made while the brick was drying. Mr. Thompson told The Tribune he frequently picks up musket balls and other relics from the site of the old building.

The story of a hen hatching out a setting of hawk eggs, the Macon Times-Democrat admits, may be taken with a grain of salt, but here it is: A Macon county woman was desirous of raising some bantams and her husband promised her a setting of bantam eggs. Unable to procure them and anxious to keep in the good graces of his spouse, he robbed a hawk's nest, taking the eggs home. The trusting wife put the eggs under a setting hen and did not suspect what had happened until the little fuzzy hawks pecked through their shells.

B. N. West, three miles south of Russellville, was accidentally killed last week while operating a hay baler at the farm of William Miner, three miles northwest of Russellville. Some part about the baler was not running just exactly right and Mr. West placed his head in the machine to detect the unusual noise. His son Lou called to him to look out and threw the machine in gear. His head was crushed almost beyond recognition and death was instantaneous. Several of the crew witnessed the accident. The baler chased on all four sides and his brains were crushed through the back of his head. His left eye was torn out, a large gash was cut in the left side of his face, and his neck was broken.

Barley Lucas, a farmer of the Ardmore country, was exhibiting a freak sweet potato growth in town Tuesday. Fourteen potatoes were grown on the one vine and they varied in length from an inch or so to thirty-seven and a half inches, four being more than fourteen inches in length. All of the potatoes were slender, but solid and had a delightfully sweet taste. They were of the Yellow Bermuda variety and were grown for the first time in his vicinity by Mr. Lucas this year.—Macon Times-Democrat

Fifty years after they became engaged Oliver Marcum of Stanberry, and Mrs. Mary H. Murray of Adair county, Kentucky, have been married. They have come to Stanberry to make their home. They were sweethearts during the Civil war, but quarreled. He entered the federal army, and after being mustered out, went to Missouri. Both married. Mrs. Murray's husband died many years ago. Marcum's wife four years ago. Recently they put them into communication, he came to Kentucky and the union followed.

Marvelous Instrument.
A marvelous instrument, the compound interferometer, has been invented by Prof. C. W. Chamberlain, president and head of the physics department of Denison university. With this instrument it is possible to measure a distance as small as 1/30,000,000th of an inch. This instrument will in all probability be the most delicate measuring instrument of its kind for many years to come. It is practically impossible for the human mind to realize the smallness of the distance measurable by the compound interferometer, which is 400 times as powerful as the most perfect compound microscope, but some idea can be formed by the use of comparisons. This 1/30,000,000th of an inch is the apparent size of the head of an ordinary pin viewed at a distance of 227 miles, or the size of a 50 cent piece viewed at a distance of 9,600 miles, or the size of a human face viewed at a distance equal to twice the circumference of our mother earth.

New Armored Motor Car.
A novel type of armored motor car has been designed by a resident of Lowell, Mass. It contains some very original ideas as to protection from rifle and gun fire. The car is shaped exactly like a turtle, the upper and lower shell being joined at a distance of about sixteen inches above the ground. The wheels are almost entirely covered by the armor. The latter is composed of steel shells, curved to represent a turtle back, the inventor claiming that such a construction renders the persons in the car immune from rifle and machine gun fire, as the bullets are deflected into the air. Loopholes for firing, a periscope for steering, emergency doors in the rear and on both sides, a powerful motor under the driver's seat, and a quick-firing gun mounted on a revolving base—these are all parts of the design.

Naturally, "I saw Mabel buying rouge (the other day)." "That gives color to the report that she paints."

Preocious Pat.
"Now, Pat, tell the class why words have roots." "I guess, ma'am, that's the only way the language could grow."

Truth Efficiency

(Written for The Christian Science Monitor)

Christian Science teaches, as Christ Jesus taught, that God is Truth. Now, when we speak of "Truth's efficiency," we mean God's efficiency, or God's ability to rectify or adjust the seemingly inharmonious conditions which confront men. Very often the word, God, has little or no meaning to the generality of people, who have taken it on their lips perhaps from the time when first they heard it at a parent's knee, but to whom it has been little more than a mysterious sentiment. They have tried to form true conceptions of the Deity, but how often have they represented Him as a being immensely greater, indeed, and more powerful in every way than they themselves are, but still a being after their own likeness, constant of good and evil, life and death, truth and error. Undoubtedly that is an extraordinarily prevalent way of looking upon God, even in an age in many ways enlightened.

Christian Science declares that such beliefs about God are as erroneous as they are pernicious to the welfare of mankind. Christian Science teaches that there is only one side to God's nature and that that side is perfect. God is altogether good. God is Mind, Spirit, Soul and the spiritual universe is the manifestation or expression of infinite Mind. Understanding God as Truth, we at once are enabled to see more vividly. The anthropomorphic conception of God goes, and we are left to face with that which is purely of Mind or spiritual, without a taint of the material about it. Truth is infinite, hence, in reality all that actually exists is Truth. It is impossible to know what Truth is, for there is nothing else to know. Now, what we have said applies to the all souls, but not to the relation with which human beings are so much taken up. Mortals seem to be living in a condition of belief which is nothing more than ignorance of Truth, and which apparently causes them to come under all sorts of relative or finite experience. This arises from the assumption that something exists which is the diametrical opposite of Truth. Mortals, not knowing that Truth is spiritual substance and that Truth is infinite, believe that matter is such a substance, matter, which, even on their own admission, is non-intelligent. Thus mortals believe that that which is the opposite of Truth exists, which is absurd. And so, matter is erroneous belief or mortal error. It is important to be clear on this point because since one error leads to others, the belief that matter is real and that it controls life even minutely, produces all sorts of mistakes. Every disease which has afflicted mankind, every sin which has blackened human records, springs from the belief that matter is real.

KILLS SHARK WITH CROWBAR
Great Battle Waged for an Hour Against a Man-Eater Results in Victory.

A miscreant shark up to his eyes in mud and a stranger to the Bronx, was killed near Throgs Neck after everyone within half a mile of him had screamed at least once and missed him with a rock at least twice. David McGowan, an inspector in the Bronx department of sewers, is the amateur hero who finally sent him writhing or slipping into the valley of death. Mr. McGowan, accompanied by a quartet of pickax wielders and a double astetite of shovelers, was improving the Bronx sewerage facilities when he heard a hoarse cry. Mr. McGowan selected a crowbar he could trust and hurried to where a strong gelling form was creating a whirlpool. He inserted the crowbar into the huge bulk. The head of an indignant shark appeared and Mr. McGowan, with four excellently executed handspikes, was back on shore again. Then began a battle which lasted an hour and endangered the life and property of all who dwell near Weir Creek. Pickaxes, bare bodies by the drainage pickadoodles and shovel described parabolas that were interesting, but dangerous.

Finally when the shark was at the point of death from encephalitis and exhaustion, Mr. McGowan stepped forward and inflicted the fatal wound. The shark groaned, sighed, whistled, rolled over, kicked once and was no more. He was found to weigh 200 pounds when dragged to the shore and was seven feet long.—New York Herald

Had the Proper Name.
"Why do you call 'em fountain pens? I should say reservoir pen would be the better name. A reservoir contains liquids; a fountain throws 'em around." "I think fountain pen is the proper name," said the party of the second part.—Louisville Courier-Journal

Danger in Poisoned Meat.
Don't leave poisoned meat for the rats in the day time. Rovers may get it.

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There was no disease which Christ Jesus could not heal instantaneously. The withered arm recovered its elasticity, its suppleness and freedom of movement at once, no period of time was necessary for the rebuilding of muscular tissue or the renewing of decayed nerve matter. The great Teacher knew the truth, spiritually understood the aliveness and efficiency of Truth, thus error presented no problem to him and it departed from the consciousness of those who, willing to be healed, approached the Master, and, having departed thence, was found no more on the body.

The knowledge of Truth is the most powerful agency for good in existence. When the serpent fastened on Paul's hand, he realized the truth, shook off the viper, and suffered no hurt. Paul understood that in Truth there is no poisonous element. The knowledge of Truth likewise enabled Paul to save himself, the crew and the prisoners of the ship that was wrecked as it sailed for Rome. It was the truth also that brought back Eurymachus to life when he "was taken up dead." The assurance which Christian Science gives to men is that God, or Truth, is as efficient now as ever. Truth is absolute and cannot alter. The systems of mortals may seem to come and go, but Truth is the same yesterday, and today, and centuries hence. What consolation for men lies in this spiritual understanding? It is a rock of defense against every foe which would seek through sense-texts to undermine the health, harmony and peace of mankind.



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